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HINKING

By OAKLEY SELLECK



And Some of
His Thoughts

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Mr. READER

A moment's chat with you. Not for apology, but explanation. First let me say—I do not write poetry; I could not if I would. I attempt to put my thoughts in the form of rhyme because of their power of condensation. "Brevity is the soul of wit;" also the spirit of to-day. Say as much as possible in as few words as possible. We haven't time to read a one-hundredth part of the excellent matter published to-day. The value of an author's thought as placed before you in cold type is decided by the readers, and the only standard the author can judge by is the demand for it. There will soon follow this booklet another largely but not entirely in prose, because the subjects discussed do not admit of rhyming. It will deal with things that affect us every day and about which we are unconscious hypocrites, most of us. Its title will be "Mr. Hypocrisy." If you read it I will predict that you will sit up and take notice, for it has the "punch." For those who desire to know the price of this and other booklets to follow, will say 10 cents; but if sent by mail, 15 cents. The extra 5 cents to pay postage, envelope and handling.

Everybody grown above childhood has been stung by gossip—by what "They say." I have now ready for mailing "They Say," handsomely printed in two colors and on heavy cardboard, 11 x 14 inches in size. Merely sixteen lines, and they have the "punch," too. "They Say" should be in every home; in fact, everywhere where people meet and discuss their friends and neighbors, giving as their informant Mr. or Mrs. "They Say."

OAKLEY SELLECK
100 West 32d Street, New York City

Thinking

By OAKLEY SELLECK




I am *thinking*, merely *thinking*,
Of the scenes of long ago,
Childhood once again is with me,
Merry thoughts flit to and fro.
Boyhood, too, there stands recorded
Stirring scenes o'er land and sea;
Early manhood, I remember,
And sweet faces come to me,
As I'm *thinking*, merely *thinking*.

I am *thinking*, merely *thinking*,
As my moving-picture lens,
Scene by scene the films fly past me;
Happy? Well, it all depends
What the pictures are I've gathered;
Merely *thinking* brings them back.
Some are dark and come to haunt me,
And my soul is on the rack,
While I'm *thinking*, merely *thinking*.

I am *thinking*, merely *thinking*,
Covering years as time has fled;
Many chums, dear friends and sweethearts
Gone, are sleeping with the dead;
But they all come back to greet me,
Smiles or frowns, as memory tells
Of the scenes in which we acted;
Hark! I hear the wedding bells,
As I'm *thinking*, merely *thinking*.

I am *thinking*, merely *thinking*,
All the thoughts of ages past;
Storehouse of the minds of millions,
All are mine while time shall last;
Wondrous past, more wondrous future,
Flashing through my thought machine.
Love of others, soul companions;
Glorious thought world, lift the screen,
Just by *thinking*, merely *thinking*.

I am *thinking*, merely *thinking*,
And loved faces meet my gaze,
Back among my life's great memories,
And my soul is all ablaze.
Thanks to God who gave us memory,
Not a friend can ever die;
We can have them always with us
Now, and in the by and by,
Just by *thinking*, merely *thinking*.



“Good-morning”

By OAKLEY SELLECK

“Good-morning,” did I hear you say?
“Good-morning,” and right cheerfully,
Like sunrise and fresh dew of morn,
The world awakes, and it is shorn
Of drowsiness, once more alive;
And we, like bees about the hive,
Should feel the world’s inspiring thrill.
“Good-morning,” all, and with good will.

“Good-morning,” and mean every word,
Please wear a smile; get it transferred
To “grouchy” faces we may meet.
’Twill change their frowns, for when we
 greet
A grumbler who will kick his dog
And act at home much like a hog,
He can’t resist a smiling face;
All sweet good-mornings leave their trace.

There’s many a man, and women, too,
Who *think they’re good*, while they will do
At home the murderous act of “grouch,”
Will nag and snarl, their language couch
In terms that stab right to the heart;
Insulting, brutal, then depart
And talk of Heaven. I wonder where
They think it is—and they’ll get there.

“Good-morning, sir, the morning’s fair;”
“Good-morning, lady; well, I’ll swear
I never saw you look so fine;
Your eyes are clear; you look divine.”
Now this is just the kind of talk
We all should use as on we walk;
We’re loved, not hated, and we’ll dwell
In Heaven sure—*a grouch is hell.*

Why Women Should Possess the Power to Vote Co-equal with Man

❖ ❖ By OAKLEY SELLECK ❖ ❖

The one conclusive reason why women should have the power to vote is—they have an absolute right to do so. Sex does not change natural rights. So long as I hold a woman to a strict obedience of our laws on an exact equality with me, no immunity of sex granted her, she must, on an exact equality with me, have the power to say what the laws shall be. I use the word **power**, not **rights**. Man cannot grant or endow a woman with fundamental rights. Life does that. Man merely ceases to usurp her rights when she has the franchise. It is an individual right, and is not affected, for or against, by the indifference of another. It sums up in this: So long as man holds woman co-equal with himself before the law, he must permit her to exercise, co-equal with himself, the full and free power to say what the laws shall be. For man to do differently is to be a **despot** and a **fraud**.

Well, self-protection is the “why”
She can’t trust men; while they deny
That she has rights they must respect.
Men pass such laws as will protect
The men alone; our sex laws show
To just what lengths men voters go.

That’s why.

Why women should have power to vote,
If morals be the point we’d note.
All men demand she shall be best;
Few men will claim to stand the test.
In all sex morals men go free,
With not much show of decency.

Are men the best?

Let’s take a woman dissolute,
Made what she is by a male brute.
He votes all laws concerning her;
She cannot say what shall occur.
Men make the laws, you’ll please take note,
Then use and blackmail her—and vote.

Are men as good as she?

The police they are oft accused,
With truth no doubt, and not abused.
They graft on women, by men’s laws
They stamp as crime—*effect*, not cause.
She can’t escape, so pays her coin
And sinks into the Tenderloin.

Are they as good as she?

Our judges, who men do elect,
In silken robes demand respect;
Sit on the bench and take from girls,
As fines, vile money pimps and churls
Would touch; he votes, then takes away
Her coin to give to charity.

Most reverend judge.

Men voters smile and say: "Trust me;
We love you and you surely see
To vote would spoil your every grace,
For home, sweet home, is woman's place."
Most men who voice this hot-air talk
Will ride at ease while women walk.

Such hypocrite will talk.

Men live on women every day;
They'd make her sell her soul for pay;
They make the laws—she goes to jail.
They're big and strong, she slight and frail;
She can't trust men to play life fair,
But when she votes they'll never dare.

Her vote is there—*beware!*

The game is won when women vote;
It's up to her, for men will dote
On her, admire her just the same.
"Dan Cupid" still will play the game
Of love, respect and loyalty,
Entwined with true equality.

Through Gates of Charity

A Soliloquy by OAKLEY SELLECK

The *remedy* for vice and crime
Is kindness and a love sublime,
Combined with firmness resolute;
No weakness e'er reformed a brute.
Association's guiding power
Will touch most hearts and grow a flower
Where once grew weeds of rankest hate.
The past forget; will radiate
And soon we'll see its power *reform*.
As sunshine follows every storm
So into lives come hope again,
No matter what their past has been.
Dirt is not dirty, but misplaced
Out in the garden, clean and chaste,
So things called evil may perchance
Be just a foolish act or glance.
Forget it all and don't refer;
Stop "harping" or 'twill reoccur;
Suggestion stimulates the mind.
What's good or evil in mankind
Is largely as we view the act
Of others; we can't know the fact.
We only see the surface and
See not temptation's sure demand.
"Judge not" applies to *you* and *me*;
We cannot know the destiny
Of human souls and life to come.
Forget, forgive. God is not dumb,
But says to all: "Who approach me
Must pass through gates of *charity*."

Tell It to a Friend

THE SUICIDES OF CHARACTER

By OAKLEY SELLECK

To women who "*will talk*"—well, here's a
"tip":

Tell all you know, then hurry, pack your
grip;

Get out of town as quickly as you may.

"She was your friend"—ha! ha! well hear
her say,

And circulate each incident you've told;

A richer mine to her than one of gold.

For scandal sweet you've started like a
flame

That burns and scars your character and
name.

Just talk and tell each incident of life,

Disgrace yourself; your tongue a sharp-edged
knife.

Sure! Hand it to your dearest friend to
wield,

It's quite too good to keep—so she will yield

And innocently start a little breeze

By wink or nod or just a "friendly" squeeze.

Don't wait, but fly—your finish is in sight;

No one but *you* could cause your present
plight.

Go blaze your story, yes, quite far afield;

What was your private life will quickly
yield

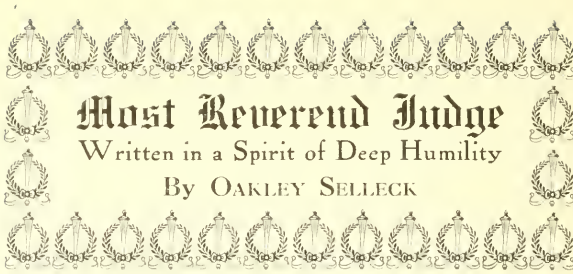
To wrath, to condemnation and despair;

It's public now what was just your affair.

MORAL

Keep your private life to yourself if by the
telling it could possibly harm you.

Trust neither friend nor foe.



Most Reverend Judge

Written in a Spirit of Deep Humility

By OAKLEY SELLECK

Beware! for it is treasonable,
Quite wicked and unreasonable,
To question the decision of a court.
Oft politics will give a judge
A job for life—or years—oh, fudge!
A *crooked* man may get the job,
A “boozer,” or perhaps a “slob”—
You know the kind of lawyer brand;
There’s millions of them in our land
As thick as leaves or ocean sand,
And then some more.

Please mark the change when he’s a judge:
He’s a “wise guy” and will not budge
From his prerogative; for now he is a judge.
He wears a robe of solemn black,
Supreme in dignity, he’ll whack
At laws and statutes here below;
He’s now *infallible*, you know.
Just watch the cases he has tried—
All been reversed, higher judges spied
A million flaws in him.

And yet we’re warned: “*Revere the court!*”
It is contempt to grin in sport
At “*wisdom*” that most any clam has got.
We vote for legislators grave,
Most of them lawyers, and to save
Our “*liberties*” by passing laws
Our judges they will hunt for flaws
In every *act* our men have done.
A joke’s a joke and fun is fun,
And handed down to many a one.

To question! Well, you're quickly damned
An *anarchist* of reddest brand;
Recall a judge? Oh, horror, can it be!
Mistakes we common folk do make
Become a judge; then you'll awake,
Endowed by Heaven, you'll know it all.
From now, 'way back to Adam's fall,
No one will dare to question then,
Infallible with wisdom's pen,
You'll write your just decrees,
Well, now and then.

There is a tragic side to it;
Our President one term can get—
We will not trust him longer than four years.
We exercise our power—“*recall*.”
If we don't like him that is all (he gets).
Yet we let him appoint for life
A man as judge, with his legal knife
May stab to death the people's laws
By adding words or picking flaws
Of straws—because he is a judge.



HOPE!

By OAKLEY SELLECK

Hope's eternal; providential
To success, it is essential;
Hope! that's based on just a bluff
Is the weakest kind of stuff;
Hope! excites but cheap derision
If not backed by stern decision;
Hope! of value means to do.
Hope! not backed will not come true.
It unfits us for life's work.
Hope! is fine if 'twill not shirk;
But to hope, then idly sleep
While disaster, dire and deep,
Rears its head with haughty sneer.
Hope! more deadly than to fear;
Hope! is grand when well applied;
Hope! with action will decide.
Hope alone, though marked express,
Goes by freight to *nothingness*.

"Be Good, Be Glad"

IT IS THE LAW

By OAKLEY SELLECK

Be good, be glad it is the law
Of recompense, for God he saw
That human life it must be taught
That without love life comes to naught.

Be good, be glad you can't go wrong,
For goodness sings its joyous song
In every heart that will obey.
Be good, be glad means ecstasy.

Be good, be glad you're part of God;
Be good, be glad you feel His nod
Of warm approval in your soul,
For life eternal is your goal.

Be good, be glad not for to-day;
God's law is for eternity.
Each day you miss you merely cheat
Yourself alone and meet defeat.

Be good, be glad—remember this:
A dollar you may never miss,
But happy thoughts—that's sweet and good;
You cannot lose, not if you would.

T o - m o r r o w

WHEN IS TO-MORROW?

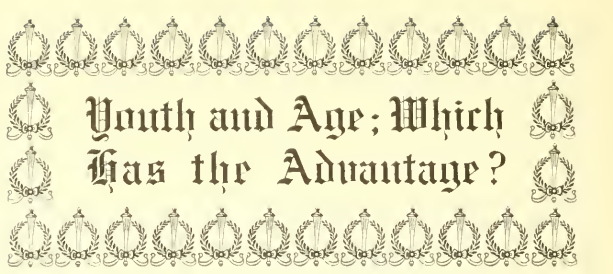
BY OAKLEY SELLECK

DO IT NOW! There's no to-morrow.
Many think that they can borrow
Time. 'Twill fool you, for to-day
Is our time—and it won't stay.

Did you ever see to-morrow?
"You should worry" if no sorrow
Comes to you. Until that day
You may ever laugh and play.

When to-morrow shall arise,
There's another just its size
Standing there—and it will be
Waiting there eternally.

To-morrow dies; when it arrives
It is to-day; alone that thrives.
No to-morrow comes to you,
For to-morrow is not due
Until to-morrow.



Youth and Age; Which Has the Advantage?

By OAKLEY SELLECK

A thought that's new to most of us,
But absolutely true,
That time well spent is fortune
And gives a broader view.
That means more wealth invested
That will pay dividends
Each extra year adds to its store
And happiness extends.

Suppose at thirty you conclude
That you advantage me.
I'm sixty, have lived thirty more—
That's twice as long, you see.
At thirty I had seen the same,
Had lived life, fast or slow;
So all you've lived I lived the same,
Yes, thirty years ago.

Suppose you lose your memory,
Know nothing but to-day;
Your thirty years are blotted out,
For memory cannot pay
A dividend upon your past.
You have none—that you know,
For memory is your bank account,
And you have none to show.

I think I've proven memory
To be our wealth in store;
To lose it is to lose our all,
For naught has gone before.
We've never lived, we've never loved,
Except what's *now, to-day*,
Which means in fact oblivion,
Youth cannot answer nay.

As memory then is our *real* wealth
Augmented every day,
The man of sixty has the call;
His extra years will pay
A happiness, if lived a-right,
Our youngsters cannot know.
Please stop and *think*—now *think* real hard,
And you will find it so.

It has been said a million times:
“How rapidly time flies.”
“About the time man learns to live
About that time he dies.”
This proves that age alone gives joy
The younger cannot know;
Youth is the school of discontent,
And age will prove it so.

If thirty years is better, say,
Than sixty, you'll admit
That fifteen years is better far,
For that's just half of it.
Then seven years and just six months
Is better, better still,
And babyhood, the best of all,
When memory is nil.

CONTENTMENT

By OAKLEY SELLECK

"Contentment" means a lazy thing,
No satisfaction can it bring.
We're often told to be "content."
What sort of life, to what extent
Would we progress in life and action?
Contentment builds no satisfaction.

Contentment has no thousand springs
Of bubbling action and that brings
Emotions brave, with splendid thought;
No world of progress has it wrought.
Contentment is a dead fruit sea,
'Twould but retard our destiny.

Contentment would destroy, dethrone
Ambition and stagnations own;
Grim death would seize and kill desire,
That restless onward Godlike fire,
That's made the human race so great;
Contentment sleeps—does not create.

I do not know, but I can guess—
Contentment does not spell success.
To be content swift action ends,
We must forget no hope extends
A beckoning hand, with sweetest smile;
We're dead, for progress doth beguile.

So I conclude contentment lies
In other worlds—say, Paradise.
My life's content is discontent,
To curb desire I would resent
That Heaven is just beyond our view,
A splendid thing for me and you.

All life is complex, changing ever,
We cannot reach the end—no, never.
Progressing onward through desire,
We're quickened by creation's fire,
That seeks the best that's in our race,
Immortal time our footprints trace.

Through changing seasons, joy and sorrow,
Through love we'll make a grand to-morrow;
But satisfied—contented—never,
May those great souls live on forever.
Through discontent they blazed the way
For the world's progress of to-day.

One Hundred Years from Now

❖ ❖ By OAKLEY SELLECK ❖ ❖

One hundred years from now, let's ask,
what then?

A century, not very long, and when
'Tis past the earth, sea, sky and sun
Still here, but you and I are gone, and every
one,
One hundred years from now.

One hundred years from now—yes, me and
you,
With millions more, sleep soundly 'neath the
dew;
Where then the stately splendor of the grand,
The silent tomb. Is there another land
One hundred years from now?

One hundred years from now all passed
away:
The royal hand—and beggar—to decay
Have gone. There's no escape—we all must
die.
Do spirits live in that world by and by
One hundred years from now?

One hundred years from now we all are
dust;
It is the law of Nature and of must.
The glorious beauty of my lady fair
Time writes decay, and does not even care,
One hundred years from now.

One hundred years from now do we still
live
And know our friends, and love, as heart
beats give?
Love what, and whom, or are we money
mad?
Or have we grown a soul that will be glad
One hundred years from now?

If true we live, don't waste a single day
To gather that we cannot take away;
That all must leave our souls stripped cold
and bare,
Will be but paupers in the world just over
there,
One hundred years from now.

A Song of the Underworld

❖ ❖ By OAKLEY SELLECK ❖ ❖

I'll sing you a song of the underworld,
With its banners gay, which at night's
unfurled

In the glittering glare of the Great White
Way,

Where passions bold they hold full sway,
Where the God of Night, in his garments red,
Inflames the blood—with his stealthy tread;
And daughters sweet from their homes are
hurled,

Because of their sex—to the underworld.

The story is as old as recorded time;
The woman—the victim—commits the crime.
The cause—the effect—it always is *she*.

The devil laughs loud at hypocrisy,
The man he escapes, with his virtue white,
But the girl is damned, and must end her fight
As best she may—no life buoy is hurled
To save as she sinks—to the underworld.

Of the underworld I will say my say—
Where the sisters of men they are sold for
pay,

Where the daughters of mothers, for a golden
price,

Are “loved” and cursed in its drunken vice.
And the “honorable” court exacts a fee,
And “charity’s” hand waits expectantly,
For the blood-red gold from virtue’s grave,
Of this underworld—where we damn, but
don’t save.

’Tis the clink of gold, and its wild display,
That tempts the daughter of poverty,
Until her mind and soul’s aflame.

Rebels at the law that marks it shame
To sell for a price to those who’ll pay.
From grinding toil to luxury—

She sees the rich in their taxis whirled—
It’s the “moth and the flame”—to the
underworld.

So this is the song of the underworld—
Where beautiful women are nightly hurled,
Where wine and women and also song,
Where the days are short and nights are long,
Where she loses her sweetness which Nature
gave.

But time and repentance will cleanse and
save—

She but disobeyed society’s law,
But God will forgive, for He clearly saw.

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